within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come up my dish of Charity, with rosemary and bayes. *Exit.*

Boult. Come Mistresse, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewell you hold so deare.

Mar. Prethee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thy enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to every custherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of every rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? goe to the wars, would you, where a man may serve 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and have not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou dost, empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet better than this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Master will gaine by mee, proclaime that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance, with other vertues which Ile keep from boast, and will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Citie will yeeld many schollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Band. Faith my acquainta
since my master and mistris h
but by their consent: therefo
with your purpose, and I dou
stable enough. Come, Ile do
wayes.

Enter

Marina thus the Brothell sca
Into an honest house, our sto
She sings like one immortall,
As Godesse-like to her admi
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, a
Natures owne shape, of bud
That even her art, sisters! the
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, w
That puples lackes she none
Who powre their bounty on
She gives the curst Baud. L
And to her Father turne our
Where we left him at sea, tu
And driven before the wind
Heere where his daughter d
Suppose him now at Anchor
God *Neptunes* annuall feast
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship
His banners sable, trimd wi
And to him in his Barge wit
In your supposing once mo
Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke t
Where what is done in acti
Shall be discovered, please

Enter Hellicanu

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lor
O here he is sir, there is a Ba
is *Lysimachus* the Governor
is your will?

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